

THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. V.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 24, 1831.

NO. 18.

FOR THE ARIEL.

THE PARTING HOUR.

TO S. A. L.

The greenwood tree, the moonlit scene,
The rippling wave, the distant hill,
Like dreams of things that may have been,
They haunt my memory still;
Again I feel thy bosom throb,
Press'd to my bursting heart,
Stifle again the gushing sob,
That speaks the words, we part.

Thine autumn leaf, thou greenwood tree,
That trembled o'er our head,
Fit emblem of my heart might be,
So withered, cold, and dead.
Ye silvery waves that tranquil sleep,
Ye stars that shining roll,
Ye seemed to mock the anguish deep
That smote mine inmost soul.

Thou silver stream, whose waters flow
Though storms and wild winds rave,
Still onward ceaselessly ye go,
Till lost in ocean's wave—
Thy course, oh time! I image here,
Lost other hope to save;
Forward, still forward, thy career,
Thy ocean is—the grave.—THRO.

Not so bad—as clever a parody as we've seen
since we turned our fiftieth year.

Turkeys! who on Christmas bled,
Thrkeys who on corn have fed,
Welcome to us now you're dead,
And in the frost have hung.

"Now's the day and now's the hour,"
Thro' the market how we scour,
Seeking Turkeys to devour,
Turkeys old and young.

Who would be a turkey hen,
Fed and fatten'd in a pen—
Kill'd and eat by hungry men—
Can you tell, I pray?

Lay the proud old Turkeys low,
Let the young ones run and grow,
To market they're not fit to go,
Till next Christmas day.

We shall note this in buying our Christmas
turkey—

"Lay the proud old turkeys low!"

The old ones indeed! Aye, "good enough to
sell," replies farmer Hodge.

THE SHOWER BATH.

Quoth Dermot, (a lodger of Mrs. O'Flinn's),
"How queerly my shower bath feels!
It shocks like a posse of needles and pins,
Or a shoal of electrical eels."

Quoth Murphy, "Then mend it, and I'll tell
you how,
It's all your own fault, my good fellow;
I used to be bothered as you are, but now
I'm wiser—I take my umbrella!"

CLING NOT TO EARTH.

Cling not to earth—there's nothing there,
However lov'd—however fair,
But on its features still must wear
The impress of mortality.

The voyager on the boundless deep,
Within his barque may smile or sleep—
But bear him on—he will not weep
To leave its wild uncertainty.

Cling not to earth—as well we may
Trust Asia's serpent's wanton play,
That glitters only to betray
To death—or else to misery.

Dream not of Friendship—there may be
A word, a smile, a grasp for thee—
But wait the hour of need and see—
But wonder not—their fallacy.

Think not of Beauty—like the rest
It bears a lustre on its crest—
But short the time ere stands confest
Its falsehood—or its frailty.

Then cling no more so fondly on
The flowers of earth around thee strown—
They'll do awhile to sport upon,
But not to love so fervently.

From the Norristown Herald.

THE FIRST OFFER.

A blooming maid, (whose form and face,
Adorn'd with charms of native grace,
The "unconscious gaze," attracted,)

In social circles play'd her part
With such bewitching air, and art,
That what'er part she acted,

So wrought upon th' admiring beaux,
That each wish'd courage to propose
To lead her to "the Altar:"—
Yet fearful, lest a prompt denial
Should serve, without the form of trial,
To bring him to the halter.

But, dread of death, and fear of shame,
A daring youth at length o'ercame—
Impell'd by strong affection,
His suit he urg'd, and begg'd to share
The favour of the lovely Fair,
Whose image was Perfection.

With haughty air, the maid replied,
I'll not consent to be your bride
Nor thank you for your proffer:
Nay! it shall not of me be said,
That I was to the altar led
In haste, at my first offer.

TIME, in his rapid course, soon wrought
Such changes, as she little thought
Would her fond hope o'ercast—
Declining in the value of years,
She now confesses, (oft with tears,)
That her "first offer" proved the last!

QUINTUS.

France, in 200 years, constructed 900 miles
of canal: England, in 70 years, 2752 miles;
and the United States, in 14 years, 2500 miles,
of which 900 are in Pennsylvania.

BOAT BUILDING will afford a profitable em-
ployment during the winter season at Pottsville.
At least one hundred additional boats will be re-
quired for next year's business on the Schuyl-
kill canal.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE ARIEL.

THE TOWN TATLER--NO. 20.

WHEN I was quite young I used to amuse myself with making soap bubbles. With a tin cup in one hand and a tobacco pipe in the other, I would stretch out of the third story gable-end window, sometimes throwing off in equal succession, numerous little globes whose specific gravity, increased by the pendant mass of more condensed suds at their lower extremity, urged them down with speed; and sometimes I would with more caution, inflate a spacious sphere—blowing gently and equally, and watching every motion of the frail but beautiful body, humoring every swing, every elongation and contraction. There could be seen, as it were in a *camera obscura*, tiny trees, houses, men, wagons, clouds and sky, all reflected in the brightest and richest tints; while from the bowl of the pipe to the base of the bubble descended a thousand streams of glowing fluid, radiant with the hues of purple and gold, now gliding in right lines, then with the most graceful curve meandering obliquely towards the nether side. It was once, when I had blown off one of these magnificent forms, and set it afloat in "mid air," gazing with childish interest and admiration at its dignified course, that uncle Joe observed me: the bubble floated with graceful buoyancy, and my little heart bounded with joy at the contemplation of its progress. But in the midst of its career it came in contact with a projecting object, and immediately, by a noiseless explosion, it vanished, and there remained nothing of its substance but a drop of soap-water, which swiftly descended to the earth. I stamped with chagrin and mortification at the loss of my beautiful treasure. Uncle Joe saw me; and approaching me said it was foolish to be so outrageous at such a trifling loss. "Besides," said he, "you may learn a moral from this; the most showy things are generally the most frail; and the prettiest and largest bubbles are the first to break.—Come," says he, "I will tell you of some bubbles I have seen in my day."

"There was HORATIO, the only child of his doating parents, a beautiful child, with an acute eye, a fine forehead, and all his features indicating intellectual vigor. At school he outstripped all his companions in learning, and soon was associated in classes with others much his seniors in years. He was a prodigy—his parents thought him a supernatural genius—he was caressed by them, he was exhibited to strangers and acquaintances, and "lauded to the skies;" in short, he was the constant theme of his parents. But the time arrived when he must choose a *profession*—for a handicraft business was never once dreamed of by the parents as an occupation adapted to the intelligence of their child. The law was chosen—but here he failed; and it was five years before he passed, and then with little honor to himself; for he had neither perception of the nice points of law, nor ingenuity to guide a case. The bubble burst when he left his parents—for his only superiority was a *retentive memory*, which

his fond parents had interpreted *universal genius*—and, although you may see his sign on a shutter as an attorney, nevertheless he makes a scanty livelihood by transcribing for lawyers of a higher grade.

"T—J— was a young man who was left a considerable fortune by his uncle. Flushed with sudden and unexpected wealth, his fancy painted continual prosperity. He immediately entered into the grocery business—no expense was spared to make his store assume a *splendid* appearance. A clerk was hired to conduct the counter business, while the *principal* rode from store to store, and from sale to sale, without either forethought or experience, to purchase merchandise. He dressed like a beau; he was a gallant; he went to balls, parties, theatres, billiard tables, and taverns; he was a man of pleasure and fashion, indulging much in the vices and follies of both. The bubble burst—bad bargains, a fraudulent clerk, unpaid notes, desperate debts, a confused business, and enervated body, suddenly involved him in ruin; and after having 'taken the benefit,' he has left the city in disgrace and roams the world without a recommending trait.

"I—L— was a mechanic, and a very intelligent one. He had enriched his mind by reading, he wrote a good hand, and was of a gentlemanly carriage, aspect, and manners. He married an industrious and economical mantua-maker; and by their joint efforts they acquired a very genteel livelihood. By some strange whim of ambition I—L— became an office hunter; he was successful; for the people elected him as a representative to the state legislature. This honor intoxicated the common sense of both himself and his wife. He thought he deserved the office as a reward for his talents; and his wife abandoned the needle as beneath the dignity of a legislator's lady. But the bubble burst: for before the session was half over he had voted, through ignorance, for a law which was oppressive and hateful to the people, and they *burnt in effigy* the pride-puffed representative. He was thrown aside at the next election, and left to muse on his discomfiture, while his wife became a by-word of ridicule.

"There was S—F—, who served his time in a printing office. He was a young man of superior talents. At the expiration of his time he started a literary and miscellaneous paper. It was conducted with spirit and discretion, and had a numerous subscription. There were many rural tales, written by himself, and published in this paper; and they were copied throughout the Union. These tales were admired for their interesting incidents, simplicity of diction, natural description, and practical moral; they were sought for with avidity and read with delight. But the whirlpool of politics caught the Editor in its vortex, and forsaking the quietness of a literary life he has rushed into the boisterous sphere of party contention; and sacrificing the peaceable hours of learned study, and straying from the flowery paths of imagination, his characteristic has now become personal vituperation, party intrigue, and political misrepresentation.

"These are a few bubbles," continued my

uncle Joe, "that I just now remember; but if you will be observant, as you pass through the world, you will have a long catalogue to add to this short list. There is a great deal more noise and show in the world than there is strength or substance; there are many bubbles afloat, brilliant and gay, but they are light, frail and empty, 'an outside of colors, an inside of wind,' and they will some day burst to the wonder of the multitude, and to the utter destruction of themselves."

Uncle Joe was very right. "I have lived an age of some few years," and have found his predictions verified, and his conclusions confirmed. We have our philanthropic, scientific, political, moral, and religious bubbles, all for show, pretty but useless.

And why, (said I, after I had laid down the last of several newspapers,) why do they provide for our amusement and entertain us with trifles; surely the days have gone by when the wise and the talented condescended to instruct mankind, nor did they consider the time wasted which was devoted to the service of their fellow creatures. Their labors have been bestowed with unwearied patience to hold up to view the deformity of vice, to invite to the practice of virtue, and to lash with keenest satire and playful humor, the fashionable follies of the age, though many volumes have been written to enlighten the understanding and to "mend the heart" for other generations. Why do we not profit by their experience, and reap a rich harvest from their industry? Is it because we have attained to so much that we need them not, or that we have outstripped them and made more rapid strides in vanity and extravagance, and therefore the moral lectures heretofore put forth will not apply?

The daily sheet presents a picture that may furnish a thinking mind with much to meditate upon and find the shadows deepen. We cannot but perceive through every class amongst men, from the wide field of national policy to the smaller concerns of private life, that the love of *power* is pre-eminent and the hand of oppression heavy. The repetition of brutal outrages of every day's occurrence in social society and domestic life, where even murderous deeds are too frequently recorded, all speak a language not to be misunderstood, an increase of licentiousness, and the deep depravity of human nature. Much yet remains to be accomplished, much is already undertaken, the benefits of which will, I trust, be felt and acknowledged by a race now in infancy, if the advantages of education are not counteracted by the influence of corrupt example. Books we have in abundance, our libraries and shelves are crammed, but we do not read! we will not take the trouble to open them, but rest contented if a moral sentence has found its way into the paper, and thus been forced upon our attention. As an illustration I will revive again the history of Amar, the servant of one of the great potentates of old, whose contemplative turn of mind well accorded with the situation in which the imperial decree had placed him, in order to indulge in the pursuit of his favorite studies without interruption.

His habitation was built of clay, and though not elegant, was conveniently suited to his comfortable accommodation. It was furnished with two windows, a chimney and door, besides a number of minor serviceable additions, and for better security, its foundation rested upon two pillars. The dormer chamber was stored with materials for works and occupations of various kinds, and in a state of preparation for immediate use. But above all, Amar was intrusted by his master with a jewel of great value, and a command to be vigilantly watchful, lest a spot or stain should tarnish its purity, or sully its brightness. He was apprised of the danger of neglect, as it was only lent, and a strict account would be required on his return respecting the trust he had received. Amar was a philosopher, and he soon became so much engaged with his scientific experiments, and researches into the secrets of nature, that he neglected to open the windows, but became satisfied with the artificial lights which he had himself created. Thus while busy, and future schemes yet remained to be realised, time rolled on, and the building began to totter, and by degrees crumbled into dust; but as it was falling, he remembered with unspeakable horror and dismay, that amidst the multiplicity of his engagements the treasure had been forgotten, nor is it recorded what excuse was offered for not using the means placed within his reach to admit the light, that thus the "fine gold had become dim."

I have been led to these reflections by witnessing the last moments of the mother of a family of nine children. She died of a consuming fever, of which also her husband was ill, and so humble were their circumstances, that they had but one bed for both to lie on. Her death was a triumphant one, for she departed in the full assurance of everlasting glory. I have endeavored to describe some incidents of the affecting occasion in the following stanzas.

Oh! I have seen on one poor bed,
A wife and husband lying,
And both were ill—but she, they said,
Was very near to dying!
Her head was high on pillows rais'd,
Her lab'ring bosom heaving,
And she was conscious, while she gaz'd
On all that she was leaving.
"My baby, my poor babe," she said,
"Alas! what will betide her?"
And then a groan came from the bed,
From him who lay beside her.
I told her Providence was kind,
And had till now protected,
And wished that her poor troubled mind,
Might thence be all directed.
"My little children dear, oh! yet—
Yet many others part!"—
As if it were the last regret
That linger'd round her heart,
I said on Providence depend,
Who will his children make them,
And still his guardian care extend
And never would forsake them.
Benevolence, by friendship led,
Supplied the means to aid her,
And in an undivided bed,
With gentlest care they laid her.

I took her hand, 'twas growing chill,
I felt a prayer arise,
That He who bade the winds be still,
Would bless her closing eyes.

I said farewell, it was the last,
I felt 'twould soon be o'er,
And when a few short hours were past,
Poor Mary was no more.

But in that little space, a calm
Did heavenly love prepare;
For yet in Gilead there is balm,
And a physician there.

This healing balm on Mary's mind,
Bade every tumult cease,
Hush'd all her cares, her will resign'd,
And all within was peace.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Dr. Porter of the Literary Rooms, Chesnut Street, has just given to the public another valuable medical work—the *third* edition of Dr. Mease's treatise on the "Causes, Cure, and Means of Preventing the Sick Head-Ache." This treatise is written so clearly that every body may understand it, being free from medical technicalities. The author, in this edition, bears testimony to the relief afforded to many individuals by the course recommended, and adds the particulars of a case "almost unexampled for early commencement in life, and the severity of its symptoms." The book is calculated to do, and no doubt will do a vast deal of real good to the many who are constitutionally subject to this disease. It is bound in flexible covers, so that two copies can be sent by mail for a dollar.

Messrs. Carey and Hart have issued a neat volume of two hundred pages, entitled "The Mirror of the Graces," said to be written by an English lady of distinction, and intended for young ladies, giving general instructions for combining elegance, simplicity, and economy, with fashion in dress; hints on female accomplishments and manners, and directions for the preservation of health and beauty—all this for twenty-five cents! cheap enough, if it were only half as valuable.

ROXBEL, in three volumes, by Mrs. Sherwood, author of "The Lady of the Manor," and other popular works, is a fresh offering to the literary public, young and old, by Messrs. Harpers of New York, and one too, of the most pleasing kind. Roxbel is the name of a village, whose history is given in these volumes. A gentleman travelling in a stage, is thrown out near the village, and is found to be so seriously injured as to need the aid of a surgeon. He is accordingly conveyed to a house in the village, where he is treated with so much kindness that he resolves to make Roxbel his future home. He does so, and at his death, leaves the history, in manuscript, which fills these volumes. We have read the whole narrative with deep interest, and can safely say that we regard it as equal to Mrs. Sherwood's best, and calculated to be extensively useful to readers of all classes. It is a charming picture of virtuous living, told in fine language, but with the simplicity and elegance peculiar to the author. We anticipate for these volumes a prodigious sale.

THE WORKS OF HEBER, HEMANS, AND POLLOK.
—Mr. Grigg has now in progress one of the

most extensive literary enterprises ever undertaken in America—the publication of a uniform and highly beautiful edition of the British Poets. We have referred to several volumes of this series as they appeared, and would now invite attention to that published this week, embracing the complete works of Heber, Mrs. Hemans, and Pollok. To Bishop Heber's Works is prefixed a copious and very interesting memoir of his life, and labors in India. Of the authors we can of course say nothing; but the beauty and convenience of the reprint is especially to be commended, being uniform with the works of other standard authors already published by Mr. Grigg. The type is large and clear, the paper of fine quality, and the binding elegant and substantial; at the same time the price is very moderate.

THE PEARL FOR 1832, by T. T. Ash, has been some days on our table. This tasteful annual for young persons continues to improve both in the beauty of its embellishments and the interest of its contents. It contains this year no less than nine very finely executed engravings from celebrated artists, and is handsomely got up on the outside. The plate of "Infancy" is very pleasing, and "The Dispute" is also calculated to find many admirers. The moral character of the tales contained in *The Pearl*, entitle it, of themselves, to an extensive circulation, while the beauty of its embellishments will be sure to produce that result. The united efforts of Editor, Printer, and Engraver, have seldom produced a better book at the same price. Nothing, we should think, would form a more acceptable Christmas gift than a copy of *The Pearl* and *The Atlantic Souvenir*.

FROM HOWITT'S BOOK OF THE SEASONS, RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY CAREY & LEA.

The return of winter is pleasurable even in its severity. The first snows that come dancing down; the first frost that rimes the hedges, variegates the windows, or shoots its fine long crystals across the smallest puddle, or the widest sheet of water, bring with them the remembrance of our boyish pleasures, our slidings and skatings—our snow-ballings and snow-rolling—our snow-man making—the wonders of hoar-frosts—of nightly snow drifts in hollow lanes—of caves and houses scooped in the wintry heaps with much labor and delight; and of scampering over hedge and ditch on the frozen snow, that "crouched beneath the tread," but broke not.

The dark, wet, and wintry days, and the long dismal nights of this season, are, however, favorable to fireside enjoyments and occupations. Driven from the fields and woods, where we have found so much delight, so many objects of interest, or employment, we may now sit within and hear the storm rage around, conscious that the fruits of the earth are secured, and that, like the bees in their hives, we have not let the summer escape, but have laid up stores of sweetness for the time of darkness and dearth. In large farm-houses, many useful avocations may enliven the evening fireside. In some districts, the men mend their own clothes and shoes; in others, various repairs of smaller implements, as flails, sieves, &c. are done: and it is now

become a laudable custom in many superior farms, to encourage reading and other means of mental improvement, which the continual engagements of a rural laborer preclude during the summer. The promotion of this spirit is highly to be desired; no part of our working population having been so lamentably deficient in common knowledge as that of farmer's servants. Through the summer they have toiled from morning till night, and from day to day, incessantly, and their only intervals of rest, Sundays and winter nights, have been lost in drowsiness. The cottager may usefully, by his winter fire, construct bee-hives, nets, mole-traps, bird-cages, &c.; with any of these employments I have more sympathy than with the last, however.

Of all men who pursue rural occupations, the bird-catchers, especially the summer bird-catchers, they who do not capture birds when they have congregated in winter, when they have no mates or young ones to feel the effects of their loss, and are ready for the table of the epicure, but who take only singing birds, and take them too wherever and whenever they can, without regard to their having young, which may perish by their absence, or to that harsh change, from the full enjoyment of summer sunshine and pleasures to the captivity of the cage. When I see their nets spread in the fields, where linnets, goldfinches, &c. resort to the seeds of grass, plantain, sow-thistles, &c. I wish them all manner of villainous ill luck; and I never omit a favorable opportunity of deranging or destroying limed twigs when they fall in my way.

There are none of our customs which more mark our selfishness than that of keeping singing-birds in perpetual confinement, making the pleasure of our ears their misfortune; and that sweet gift, which God has given them, wherewith to make themselves happy, and the country delightful, the curse of their lives. If we were contented, however, with taking and rearing young ones, which never knew the actual blessing of liberty, or of propagating them in cages or aviaries, the evil would not be so enormous. But the practice of seizing singing birds, which have always enjoyed the freedom of the earth and air, in summer when they are busy with the pleasant cares of their nests or young broods, and subjecting them to a close prison, is detestable—doubly detestable in the case of *migratory* birds. They have not merely the common love of liberty, but the instinct of migration to struggle with; and it may be safely asserted, that out of every ten nightingales so caught, nine pine away and die. Yet the capture of nightingales is very extensively practised. The bird-catchers declare them to be the most easily taken of all birds; and scarcely can one of these glorious songsters alight in a copse or thicket, but these kidnappers are upon it. Some of these men assure me that the female birds arrive about ten days later than males, whose songs give notice of their retreats, on hearing which the females alight; therefore, when nightingales first appear, the bird-catchers are almost sure of taking only male birds, which, being the singers, are the only ones they want. The nightingale, a bird which God has created to

fly from land to land to crown the pleasantness of spring with the most delicious music, or a lark, which he has made to soar, in the rapture of his heart, up to heaven's gates, "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in a narrow cage by man, is one of the most melancholy objects on earth. Let those who have hearts for it keep them, and listen to them with what pleasure they may; for my part, while I am myself sensible of the charms of freedom, and of the delights of the summer fields, I shall continue to prefer the "wood notes wild" of liberty to a captive's wail.

A young Irishman (placed by his friends as a student at the veterinary college) being in company with some of his colleagues, was asked, 'If a broken-winded horse were brought to him for cure, what he would advise?' after considering for a moment, 'By the powers,' said he, 'I should advise the owner to sell him as soon as possible.'

DIFFERENCE OF TASTE.—A traveller remarked to certain Arabs, that he wondered at their eating insects so disgusting; to which they replied, that it savored of affectation, in a person who could swallow an oyster, to be startled at any thing in the way of eating.

CHEAP MARRYING AND UNMARRYING.—By a new law of Tennessee, the fee for marrying a couple is reduced to 50 cents. This is dog-cheap. A bill was before the legislature of the same state, to enable females to get unmarried without costs. This is accommodating.

During the twelve months which have elapsed since the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, about 460,000 persons have passed between the two towns; a result far exceeding the most sanguine expectations of the originators of the undertaking. The sum received for the conveyance of passengers and goods during the same period is upwards of \$800,000.

DEATHS.

At Gwimer, on the 27th Sept. John Faul, aged 81. During his illness, he bargained for the price of his coffin with the undertaker, whose charge was 4l. 12s.—Mr. Faul offered 4l. 4s.—After much chaffering the bargain was struck at 4l. 8s.

In Lehman, Pa. on the 18th Nov. Abraham Pike, aged 87 years. The deceased was among the first settlers of the Valley of Wyoming, and was in the memorable battle of 1778, with the Tories and Indians, and narrowly made his escape, after being wounded, by swimming down the river three miles to Forty-fort, where he was taken into the fort by his companions who had survived the general massacre. He was captured by a party of ten Indians in 1779, together with two men and a boy, and was taken up the Susquehanna about 60 miles, where the Indians first halted and encamped for the night; the prisoners were secured by the savages, and Pike was placed between two large Indians, and as soon as he found they were asleep, he cautiously awoke and released his companions who made a simultaneous attack on the savages, and left seven of them dead on the ground. They then collected what provisions they could and returned to the Valley, after experiencing all the hardships incident to the season. Since that time until his death he has resided in the Valley, celebrated for his heroic deeds, and respected for his sincere attachment to his country.

SELECT TALES.

From Blackwood's Magazine for October.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

MOTHER AND SON.

THIS is the last, and—it may be considered—most mournful extract from my Diary. It appears to me a touching and terrible disclosure of the misery, disgrace, and ruin consequent on GAMBLING. Not that I imagine it possible, even by the most moving exhibition, to soften the more than nether millstone hardness of a gamester's heart, or enable a voluntary victim to break from the meshes in which he has suffered himself to be entangled; but the lamentable cries ascending from this pit of horror, may scare off those who are thoughtlessly approaching its brink. The moral of the following events may be gathered up into a word or two:—Oh! be wise, and be wise in time!

I took more than ordinary pains to acquaint myself with the transactions which are hereafter specified; and some of the means I adopted are occasionally mentioned as I go on with the narrative. It may be as well to state, that the events detailed, are assigned a date which barely counts within the present century. I have reason, nevertheless to know, that, at least, one of the guilty agents still survives to pollute the earth with his presence; and if that individual should presume to gainsay any portion of the following narrative, his impotent efforts will meet with the disdain they merit.

Mr. Beauchamp came to the full receipt of a fortune of two or three thousand a-year, which, though hereditary, was at his absolute disposal—about the period of his return from those continental peregrinations which are judged essential to complete an English gentleman's education. External circumstances seemed to combine in his favor. Happiness and honor in life were ensuing him, at the cost of very moderate exertions on his own part, and those requisite, not to originate, or continue his course—but only to guide it. No one was better apprised than himself, of the precise position he occupied in life; yet the apparent immunity from the cares and anxieties of life, which seemed irrevocably secured to him, instead of producing its natural effect on a well-ordered mind, of stimulating it to honorable action, led to widely different, most melancholy, but by no means unusual results—a prostitution of his energies and opportunities to the service of fashionable dissipation. The restraints to which, during a long minority, he had been subjected by his admirable mother, who nursed his fortune as sedulously, but more successfully, than she cultivated his mind and morals—served, alas! little other purpose than to whet his appetite for the pleasurable pursuits to which he considered himself, and from which he had been so long and unnecessarily debarred. All these forbidden fruits clustered before him in tempting, but unallowed splendor, the instant that Oxford threw open its portals to receive him. He found there many spirits as ardent

and dissatisfied with past restraints as himself. The principal features of his character were flexibility and credulity; and his leading propensity—one that, like the wrath of Achilles, drew after it innumerable sorrows—the love of play.

The first false step he made, was an unfortunate selection of a tutor; a man of agreeable and compliant manners, but utterly worthless in point of moral character; one who had impoverished himself, when first at college, by gaming, but who, having learned "*wisdom*," was now a subtle and cautious gamester. He was one of a set of notorious *pluckers*, among whom, shameful to relate, were found several young men of rank; and whose business it was to seek out fresh-men for their dupes. Eccles—the name I shall give the tutor—was an able mathematician; and that was the only thing that Beauchamp looked to in selecting him—Beauchamp got regularly introduced to the set to which he belonged; but his mother's lively and incessant surveillance put it out of his power to embarrass himself by serious losses. He was long enough, however, apprenticed to guilt, to form the habits and dissipation of a gamester. The cunning Eccles, when anxiously interrogated by Mrs. Beauchamp about her son's general conduct, gave his pupil a flourishing character, both for moral excellence and literary attainments, and acquitted him of any tendency to the vices usually prevalent at college. And all this, when Eccles knew that he had seen, but a few weeks before, among his pupil's papers, copies of long bills, accepted payable on his reaching twenty-one—to the tune of £1500; and, further, that he, the tutor himself, was the holder of one of these acceptances, which ensured him £500 for the £300 he had kindly furnished for his pupil! His demure and plausible air quite took with the unsuspecting Mrs. Beauchamp; and she thought it impossible that her son could find a fitter companion to the continent.

On young Beauchamp's return to England, the first thing he did was to dispatch his obsequious tutor into the country, to trumpet his pupil's praises to his mother, and apprise her of his coming. The good old lady was in ecstasies at the glowing colors in which her son's virtues were painted by Eccles;—such uniform moderation and prudence, amidst the seductive scenes of the continent; such shining candor; such noble liberality!—In the fulness of her heart, Mrs. Beauchamp promised the tutor, who was educated for the church, the next presentation to a living which was expected very shortly to fall vacant:—as some "small return for the invaluable services he had rendered her son!"

It was a memorable day when young Beauchamp, arrived at the Hall in —shire, stood suddenly before his transported mother, in all the pride of person, and of accomplishments. He was indeed a fair young fellow to look at. His well-cast features beamed with an expression of frankness and generosity; and his manners were exquisitely tempered with cordiality and elegance. He had brushed the bloom off continental flowers in passing, and caught their glow and perfume.

It was several minutes before he could disengage himself from the embraces of his mother, who laughed and wept by turns, and uttered the most passionate exclamations of joy and affection. "Oh, that your poor old father could see you!" she sobbed and almost cried herself into hysterics. Young Beauchamp was deeply moved with this display of parental tenderness. He saw and felt that his mother's whole soul was bound up with his own; and, with the rapid resolutions of youth, he had in five minutes changed the whole course and scope of his life—renounced the pleasures of London, and resolved to come and settle on his own estates in the country, live under the proud and fond eye of his mother, and, in a word, tread in the steps of his father. He felt suddenly embued with the spirit of the good old English country gentleman, and resolved to live the life of one. There was, however, a cause in operation, and powerful operation, to bring about this change of feeling, to which I have not yet adverted. His cousin, Ellen Beauchamp, happened to be thought of by her aunt, as a fit person to be staying with her when her son arrived. Yes—the little blue-eyed girl with whom he had romped fifteen years ago, now sate beside him in the bloom of womanhood—her peachy cheeks alternately pale and flushed as she saw her cousin's inquiring eye settled upon her, and scanning her beautiful proportions. Mr. Beauchamp took the very first opportunity he could seize of asking his mother, with some trepidation, "whether Ellen was engaged?"

"I think she is *not*," replied his delighted mother, bursting into tears, and folding him in her arms—"but I wish *somebody* would take the earliest opportunity of doing so."

"Ah, ha!—Then she's Mrs. Beauchamp, junior!" replied her son, with enthusiasm.

Matters were quickly, quietly, and effectually arranged to bring about that desirable end—and they always are, when all parties understand one another; and young Beauchamp made up his mind to appear in a new character—that of a quiet country gentleman, the friend and patron of an attached tenantry, and a promising aspirant after county honors. What is there in life like the sweet and freshening feelings of the wealthy young squire, stepping into the sphere of his hereditary honors and influences, and becoming at once the revered master of household and tenantry, grown grey in his father's service—the prop of his family—and the "rising man" in the county? Young Beauchamp experienced these salutary and reviving feelings in their full force. They diverted the current of his ambition into a new course, and enabled him keenly to appreciate his own capabilities. The difference between the life he had just determined on, and that he had formerly projected, was simply—so to speak—the difference between being a Triton among minnows, and a minnow among Tritons. There, residing on his own property, surrounded by his own dependents, and by neighbors who were solicitous to secure his good graces, he could feel and enjoy his own consequence. Thus, in every point of view, a country life appeared

preferable to one in the "gay and whirlpool crowded town."

There was, however, one individual at — Hall, who viewed these altered feelings and projects with no satisfaction: it was Mr. Eccles. This mean and selfish individual saw at once that, in the event of these alterations being carried into effect, his own nefarious services would be instantly dispensed with, and a state of feelings brought into play, which would lead his pupil to look with disgust at the scenes to which he had been introduced at college and on the continent. He immediately set to work to frustrate the plans of his pupil. He selected the occasion of his being sent for one morning by Mr. Beauchamp into his library, to commence operations. He was not discouraged, when his *ci-de-vant* pupil, whose eyes had really, as Eccles suspected, been opened to the iniquity of his tutor's doings, commenced thanking him in a cold and formal style for his past services, and requested presentation of the bill he held against him for £500, which he instantly paid. He then proceeded, without interruption from the mortified Eccles, to state his regret at being unable to reward his services with a living, at present; but that if ever it was in his power, he might rely on it, &c. &c. Mr. Eccles, with astonishment, mentioned the living of which Mrs. Beauchamp had promised him the reversion; but received an evasive reply from Mr. Beauchamp, who was at length so much irritated at the pertinacity, and even the reproachful tone with which his tutor pressed the claim, that he said sharply, "Mr. Eccles, when my mother made you that promise, she never consulted me, in whose sole gift that living is. And besides, sir, what did she know of our tricks at French Hazard, and Rouge et Noir? She must have thought your skill at play an odd recommendation for the duties of the church." High words, mutual recriminations, and threats, ensued, and they parted in anger. The tutor resolved to make his "ungrateful" pupil repent of his misconduct, and he lacked neither the tact nor the opportunities necessary for accomplishing his purpose. The altered demeanor of Mrs. Beauchamp, together with the haughtiness and constrained civility of her son, soon warned Mr. Eccles that his departure from the Hall could not be delayed; and he very shortly withdrew.

Mr. Beauchamp began to breathe freely, as it were, when the evil spirit, in his tutor's shape, was no longer at his elbow, poisoning his principles, and prompting him to vice and debauchery. He resolved, forthwith, to be all that his tutor had represented him to his mother; to atone for past indiscretions, by a life of sobriety and virtue. All now went on smoothly and happily at the Hall. The new squire entered actively on the duties devolving upon him, and was engaged daily driving his beautiful cousin over his estate, and showing to his obsequious tenantry their future lady. On what trifling accidents do often the changes of life depend! Mr. Beauchamp, after a three months continuance in the country, was sent for by his solicitor to town, in order to complete the final arrangements of

his estate; and which, he supposed, would occupy him but a few days. That London visit led to his ruin! It may be recollected that the execrable Eccles owed his pupil a grudge for the disappointment he had occasioned him, and the time and manner of his dismissal. What does the reader imagine was the diabolical device he adopted, to bring about the utter ruin of his unsuspecting pupil? Apprised of Mr. Beauchamp's visit to London, — [Mr. Eccles had removed to lodgings, but a little distance from the Hall, and was of course acquainted with the leading movements of the family]—he wrote the following letter to a baronet in London, with whom he had been very intimate as "a Plucker" at Oxford—and who having ruined himself by his devotion to play—equally in respect of fortune and character—was now become little else than a downright systematic sharper.

DEAR SIR EDWARD,

Young Beauchamp, one of our quondam pigeons at Oxford, who has just come of age, will be in London next Friday or Saturday, and put up at his old hotel, the —. *He will bear plucking.* Verb. *suf.* The bird is somewhat shy—but you are a good shot. Don't frighten him. He is giving up *life*, and going to turn *Saint*! The fellow has used me cursedly ill: he has cut me quite, and refused me old Dr. —'s living. I'll make him repent it! I will by —!

Yours ever, most faithfully,

PETER ECCLES.

TO SIR EDWARD STREIGHTON.

P. S. If Beauchamp plucks well, you won't press me for that trifle I owe—will you? Burn this note.

This infernal letter, which, by a singular concurrence of events, got into the hands where *I saw it*, laid the train for such a series of plotting and manœuvring, as, in the end, ruined poor Beauchamp, and gave Eccles his coveted revenge.

When Beauchamp quitted the hall, his mother and Ellen had the most solemn assurance that his stay in town would not be protracted beyond a week. Nothing but this could quiet the good old lady's apprehensions, who expressed an unaccountable conviction that some calamity or other was about to assail their house. She had had a dreadful dream, she said; but when importuned to tell it, answered, that if Henry came safe home, then she would tell them her dream. In short, his departure was a scene of tears and gloom, which left an impression of sadness on his own mind that lasted all the way up to town. On his arrival, he betook himself to his old place, the — hotel, near Piccadilly; and in order to expedite his business as much as possible appointed the evening of the very day of his arrival for a meeting with his solicitor.

The morning papers duly apprised the world of the important fact, that "Henry Beauchamp, Esq. had arrived at —'s from his seat in —shire:" and scarce ten minutes after he had read the officious annunciation at breakfast, his valet brought him the card of Sir Edward Streighton.

"Sir Edward Streighton!" exclaimed Beauchamp, with astonishment, laying down the card; adding, after a pause, with a cold

and doubtful air; "Show in Sir Edward, of course."

In a few moments the baronet was ushered into the room—made up to his "old friend," with great cordiality, and expressed a thousand winning civilities. He was attired in a style of fashionable negligence; and his pale emaciated features ensured him, at least, the *show* of a welcome, with which he would not otherwise have been greeted; for Beauchamp though totally ignorant of the present pursuits and degraded character of his visitor, had seen enough of him in the heyday of dissipation, to avoid a renewal of their intimacy. Beauchamp was touched with the air of languor and exhaustion assumed by Sir Edward, and asked kindly after his health.

The wily Baronet contrived to keep him occupied with that topic for nearly an hour, till he fancied he had established an interest for himself in his destined victim's heart. He told him, with a languid smile that the moment he saw Beauchamp's arrival in the papers, he had hurried, ill as he was, to pay a visit to his "old chum," and "talk over old times." In short, after laying out all his powers of conversation, he so interested and delighted his quondam associate, that he extorted a reluctant promise from Beauchamp to dine with him the next evening on the plausible pretext of his being in too delicate health to venture out himself at night-time. Sir Edward departed, apparently in a low mood, but really exulting in the success with which he considered he had opened his infernal campaign. He hurried to the house of one of his comrades in guilt, whom he invited to dinner on the morrow. Now the fiendish object of this man, Sir Edward Streighton, in asking Beauchamp to dinner, was to revive in his bosom the half-extinguished embers of his love for play! There are documents now in existence to show that Sir Edward and his companions had made the most exact calculations of poor Beauchamp's property, and even arranged the proportions in which the expected spoils were to be shared among the complotters! The whole conduct of the affair was intrusted at his instance, to Sir Edward: who, with a smile, declared that he "knew all the crooks and crannies of young Beauchamp's heart; and that he had already settled his scheme of operations." He was himself to keep for some time in the background, and on no occasion to come forward till he was *sure* of his prey.

At the appointed hour, Beauchamp, though not without having experienced some misgivings in the course of the day, found himself seated at the luxurious table of Sir Edward, in company with two of the baronet's "choicest spirits." It would be superfluous to pause over the exquisite wines, and luscious cookery which were placed in requisition for the occasion, or the various piquant and brilliant conversation that flashed around the table. Sir Edward was a man of talent and observation; and foul as were the scenes in which he had latterly passed his life, was full of brilliant repartee, and piquant sketches of men and manners without end. Like the poor animal whose palate is for a moment tickled with the bait alluring it to destruction, Beauchamp was

in ecstasies! There was besides, such a flattering deference paid to every thing that fell from his lips—so much eager curiosity excited by the accounts he gave of one or two of his foreign adventures—such an interest taken in the arrangements he contemplated for augmenting his estate in —shire, &c. &c. that Beauchamp never felt better pleased with himself, nor with his companions. About eleven o'clock, one of Sir Edward's friends proposed a rubber at whist, "thinking they had all of them talked one another hoarse," but Sir Edward promptly negatived it. The proposer insisted, but Sir Edward coldly repeated his refusal. "I am not tired of my friends' conversations, though they may be of mine! And I fancy, Beauchamp," he continued, shaking his head with a serious air, "you and I have burnt our fingers too often at college, to be desirous of renewing our pranks."

"Why, good God, Sir Edward!" rejoined the proposer, "what do you mean? Are you insinuating that I am found of *deep play*?—I, I that have been such a sufferer?"—How was it that such shallow trickery could not be seen through by a man who knew any thing of the world? The answer is obvious—the victim's penetration had deserted him. Flattery and wine—what will they not lead a man to? In short, the farce was so well kept up, that Beauchamp, fancying he alone stood in the way of the evening amusements, felt himself called upon to "beg they would not consult him, if they were disposed for a rubber; as he would make a hand with the greatest pleasure imaginable." The proposer and his friend looked appealingly to Sir Edward.

"Oh! God forbid that I should hinder you, since you're all so disposed," said the Baronet with a polite air; and in a few minutes the four friends were seated at the whist table. Sir Edward was obliged to send out and buy or borrow cards. "He really so seldom," &c. &c. "especially in his poor health," &c. &c! There was nothing whatever, in the conduct of the game, calculated to arouse a spark of suspicion. The three confederates acted their parts to admiration, and maintained throughout the matter-of-fact, listless air of men who have sat down to cards, each out of complaisance to the others! At the end of the second rubber, which was a long one, they paused a while, rose, and betook themselves to refreshments.

"By the way, Apsley," said Sir Edward, suddenly, "have you heard how that extraordinary affair of General —'s terminated?"

"Decided against him," was the reply: "but I think wrongly. At —'s," naming a celebrated coterie, "where the affair was ultimately canvassed, they were equally divided in opinion; and on the strength of it the General swears he won't pay."

"It is certainly one of the most singular things!"

"Pray, what might the disputed point be?" enquired Beauchamp, sipping a glass of liquor.

"Oh, merely a bit of town tittle-tattle," replied Sir Edward, carelessly "about a Rouge et Noir bet between Lord — and General —. I dare say, you would feel no interest in it whatever."

But Beauchamp *did* feel interested enough to press his host for an account of the matter: and he presently found himself listening to a story told most graphically by Sir Edward, and artfully calculated to interest and inflame the passions of his hearer. Beauchamp drank in eagerly every word. He could not help identifying himself with the parties spoken of. A Satanic smile flickered occasionally over the countenances of the conspirators, as they beheld these unequivocal indications that their prey was entering their toils. Sir Edward represented the hinge of the story to be a moot-point at Rouge et Noir; and when he had concluded, an animated discussion arose. Beauchamp took an active part in the dispute, siding with Mr. Apsley. Sir Edward got *flushed*! and began to express himself rather heatedly. Beauchamp also felt himself kindling, and voluntarily cooled his ardor with glass after glass of the wine that stood before him. At length, out leaped a bold bet from Beauchamp, that he would make the same point with General —. Sir Edward shrugged his shoulders, and with a smile declined "winning his money," on a point clear as the noonday sun! Mr. Hillier, however, who was of Sir Edward's opinion, instantly took Beauchamp; and, for the symmetry of the thing, Apsley and Sir Edward, in spite of the latter's protestation to Beauchamp, betted highly on their respective opinions. Somebody suggested an adjournment to the "establishment" at — street, where they might decide the question; and thither, accordingly, after great show of reluctance on the part of Sir Edward, they all four repaired.

The reader need not fear that I am going to dilate upon the sickening horrors of a modern "Hell!" for into such a place did Beauchamp find himself introduced. The infernal splendor of the scene by which he was surrounded, smote his soul with a sense of guilty awe the moment he entered, flushed though he was, and unsteady with wine. A spectral recollection of his mother and Ellen, wreathed with the halos of virtue and purity, glanced across his mind; and for a moment he thought himself in hell! Sick and faint, he ate down for a few minutes at an unoccupied table. He felt half determined to rush out from the room. His kind friends perceived his agitation. Sir Edward asked him if he were ill? but Beauchamp, with a sickly smile, referred his sensations to the heated room, and the unusual quantity of wine he had drunk. Half ashamed of himself, and dreading their banter, he presently rose from his seat, and declared himself recovered. After standing some time beside the Rouge et Noir table, where tremendous stakes were playing for, amidst profound and agitating silence—where he marked the sallow features of General — and Lord —, the parties implicated in the affair mentioned at Sir Edward's table, and who, having arranged their dispute, were now over head and ears in a new transaction—the four friends withdrew to one of the private tables to talk over their bet. Alas, half-an-hour's time beheld them all at hazard!—Beauchamp playing! and with excitement and enthusiasm equalling any one's in the room. Sir Edward maintained the negligent and reluctant air of

a man overpersuaded into acquiescence in the wishes of his companions. Every time that Beauchamp shook the fatal dice-box, the pale face of his mother looked at him; yet still he shook, and still he threw—for he won freely from Apsley and Hillier. About four o'clock he took his departure, with bank-notes in his pocket-book to the amount of £95, as his evening's winning.

He walked home to his hotel weary and depressed in spirits, ashamed and enraged at his own weak compliances and irresolution. The thought suddenly struck him, however, that he would make amends for his misconduct, by appropriating the whole of his unhallowed gains to the purchase of jewellery for his mother and cousin. Relieved by this consideration, he threw himself on his bed, and slept, though uneasily, till a late hour in the morning. His first thought on waking was the last that had occupied his mind overnight; but it was in a moment met by another and more startling reflection—What would Sir Edward, Hillier, and Apsley think of him, dragging them to play, and winning their money, without giving them an opportunity of retrieving their losses! The more he thought of it, the more he was embarrassed: and as he tossed about on his bed, the suspicion flashed across his disturbed mind, that he was embroiled with gamblers. With what credit could he skulk from the attack he had himself provoked? Perplexed and agitated with the dilemma he had drawn upon himself, he came to the conclusion, that, at all events, he must invite the baronet and his friends to dinner that day, and give them their revenge, when he might retreat with honor, and for ever. Every one who reads these pages will anticipate the event.

Gaming is a magical stream; if you do but wade far enough into it, to wet the soles of your feet, there is an influence in the waters which draws you irresistibly in, deeper and deeper, till you are sucked into the roaring vortex, and perish. If it were not unduly paradoxical, one might say with respect to gaming, that he has come to the end, who has made a beginning. Mr. Beauchamp postponed the business which he had himself fixed for transaction that evening, and received Sir Edward—who had found out that he could now venture from home at nights—and his two friends with all appearance of cheerfulness and cordiality. In his heart he felt ill at ease; but his uneasiness vanished with every glass of wine he drunk. His guests were all men of conversation; and they took care to select the most interesting topics. Beauchamp was delighted. Some slight laughing allusions were made by Hillier and Apsley to their over-night's adventure; but Sir Edward coldly characterised it as an "absurd affair," and told them they deserved to suffer as they did. This was exactly the signal for which Beauchamp had long been waiting, and he proposed in a moment that cards and dice should be brought in to finish the evening with. Hillier and Apsley hesitated; Sir Edward looked at his watch, and talked of the opera. Beauchamp, however, was peremptory, and down they all sat—and to hazard!—Beauchamp, was fixedly determin-

ed to lose that evening a hundred pounds, inclusive of his over-nights winnings; and veiled his purpose so flimsily, that his opponents saw in a moment "what he was after." Mr. Apsley laid down the dice-box with a haughty air, and said, "Mr. Beauchamp, I do not understand you sir. You are playing neither with boys nor windlers; and be pleased, besides, to recollect at whose instance we sat down to this evening's hazard."

Mr. Beauchamp laughed it off, and protested he did his best. Apsley, apparently satisfied, resumed his play, and their victim *felt* himself in their meshes—that the "snare of the fowler was upon him." They played with various success for about two hours; and Sir Edward was listlessly intimating his intention to have a throw for the first time, "for company's sake," when the card of a young nobleman, one of the most prodigal of the profligate set whom Beauchamp had known at Oxford, was brought in.

"Ah! Lord —!" exclaimed Sir Edward, with joyful surprise, "an age since I saw him! How very strange—how fortunate that I should happen to be here!—Oh, come, Beauchamp,"—seeing his host disposed to utter a frigid "not at home,"—"come, *must* ask him in! The very best fellow in life!" Now, Lord — and Sir Edward were bosom friends, equally unprincipled, and that very morning had they arranged this most *unexpected* visit of his lordship! As soon as the ably sustained excitement and enthusiasm of his lordship had subsided, he of course assured them that he should leave immediately, unless they proceeded with their play, and he stationed himself as an on-looker beside Beauchamp.

The infernal crew now began to see they had it "all their own way." Their tactics might have been finally frustrated had Beauchamp but possessed sufficient moral courage to yield to the loud promptings of his better judgment, and firmly determined to stop in time. Alas! however, he had taken into his bosom the torpid snake, and kept it there till it revived. In the warmth of excitement he forgot his fears, and his decaying propensities to play were rapidly resuscitated. Before the evening's close, he had entered into the spirit of the game with as keen a relish as a professed gamester! With a sort of frenzy he proposed bets, which the *cautious* baronet and his coadjutors hesitated, and at last refused to take! About three o'clock they separated, and on making up accounts, they found that so equally had profit and loss been shared, that no one had lost or gained more than £20. Beauchamp accepted a seat in Lord —'s box at the opera for the next evening; and the one following that he engaged to dine with Apsley. After his guests had retired, he betook himself to bed, with comparatively none of those heart-smittings which had kept him sleepless the night before. The men with whom he had been playing were evidently no professional gamblers, and he felt himself safe in their hands.

To the opera, pursuant to promise, he went, and to Apsley's. At the former he recognised several of his college acquaintance; and at the latter's house he spent a delightful even-

ing, never having said better things, and never being more flatteringly attended to; and the night's social enjoyment was wound up with a friendly rubber for stakes laughably small. This was Sir Edward's scheme, for he was not, it will be remembered, to "frighten the bird." The doomed Beauchamp retired to rest, better satisfied with himself and his friends than ever; for he had transacted a little real business during the day; written two letters to the country, and despatched them, with a pair of magnificent bracelets, to Ellen; played the whole evening at unpretended whist, and won two guineas, instead of accompanying Lord — and Hillier to the establishment in — street, where he might have lost hundreds. A worthy old English bishop says, "The devil then maketh sure of us, when we do make sure of ourselves,"—a wise maxim! Poor Beauchamp now began to feel confidence in his own strength of purpose. He thought he had been weighed in the balance and *not* found wanting. He was as deeply convinced as ever of the pernicious effects of an inordinate love of play, but had he that passion! No! He recollected the healthful thrill of horror and disgust with which he listened to Lord —'s entreaties to accompany him to the gaming-house, and was satisfied. He took an early opportunity of writing home, to apprise his mother and cousin that he intended to continue in town a month or six weeks, and assigned satisfactory reasons for his protracted stay. He wrote in the warmest terms to both of them, and said he should be counting the days till he threw himself in their arms. "Tis this tiresome Twister, our attorney, that must answer for my long stay. There is no quickening his phlegmatic disposition! When I would hurry and press him he shrugs his shoulders and says there's no doing law by *steam*. He says he fears the Chancery affairs will prove very tedious; and they are in such a state just now, that, were I to return into the country, I should be summoned to town in a twinkling. Now I am here, I will get all this business fairly off my hands. So by this day six weeks, dearest coz, expect to see at your feet, yours, eternally,—H. B.

But, alas, that day saw Beauchamp in a new and startling character—that of an infatuated gamester! During that fatal six weeks, he had lost several thousand pounds, and had utterly neglected the business which brought him up to town—for his whole heart was with French Hazard and Rouge et Noir! Even his outward appearance had undergone a strange alteration. His cheeks and forehead wore the sallow hue of dissipation—his eyes were weak and bloodshot—his hands trembled—and every movement indicated the highest degree of nervous irritability. He had become vexed and out of temper with all about him, but especially with himself, and never could "bring himself up to par" till seven or eight o'clock in the evening, at dinner, when he was warming with wine. The first thing in the mornings, also, he felt it necessary to fortify himself against the agitations of the day, by a smart draught of brandy or liqueur! If the mere love of temporary excitement had been sufficient, in the first in-

stance, to allure him on to play, the desire for retrieving his losses now supplied a stronger motive for persevering in his dangerous and destructive *career*. *Ten thousand pounds*, the lowest amount of his losses, was a sum he could not afford to lose, without very serious inconvenience. Gracious God!—what would his aged mother—what would Ellen say, if they knew the mode and amount of his losses!—The thought distracted him!—He had drawn out of his banker's hands all the floating balance he had placed there on arriving in town; and, in short, he had been at last compelled to mortgage one of his favorite estates for £8000;—and how to conceal the transaction from his mother, without making desperate and successful efforts to recover himself at play, he did not know. He had now got inextricably involved with Sir Edward and his set, who never allowed him a moment's time to come to himself, but were ever ready with diversified sources of amusement. Under their damned tutelage, Beauchamp commenced the systematic life of a "man about town," in all except the fouler and grosser vices, to which I believe he was never addicted.

His money flew about in all directions. He never went to the establishment in — street, but his over-night's I. O. U.'s stared him in the face the next morning like reproachful fiends!—and he was daily accumulating bills at the fashionable tradesmen's, whom he gave higher prices, to ensure longer credit. While he was compelled to write down confidentially to old Pritchard, his agent, for money almost every third or fourth post, his correspondence with his mother and cousin gradually slackened, and his letters, short as they were, indicated effort and constraint on the part of the writer. It was long, very long, before Mrs. Beauchamp suspected that any thing was going wrong. She was completely cajoled by her son's accounts of the complicated and harassing affairs in Chancery, and considered that circumstance fully to account for the brevity and infrequency of his letters. The quicker eyes of Ellen, however, soon saw, in the chilling shortness and formality of his letters to her, that even if his regard for her personally was not diminishing, he had discovered such pleasurable objects in town as enabled him to bear with great fortitude, the *pangs of absence*!

Gaming exerts a deadening influence on all the faculties of the soul that are immediately occupied in its dreadful service. The heart it utterly withers: and it was not long therefore, before Beauchamp was fully aware of the altered state of his feelings towards his cousin, and *satisfied* with them. Play—play—PLAY, was the name of his new and tyrannical mistress! Need I utter such commonplaces as to say, that the more Beauchamp played, the more he lost; that the more he lost, the deeper he played; and that the less chance there was, the more reckless he became!—I cannot dwell on this dreary portion of my narrative. It is sufficient to inform the reader, that employed in the way I have mentioned, Beauchamp protracted his stay in London to *five months*. During this time he had actually gambled away THREE

FOURTHS of his whole fortune. He was now both ashamed and afraid of returning home. Letters from his poor mother and Ellen accumulated upon him, and often lay for weeks unanswered. Mrs. Beauchamp had once remonstrated with him on his allowing *any* of his affairs to detain him so long in town, under the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed with respect to Ellen: but she received such a tart reply from her son as effectually prevented her future interference. She began to grow very uneasy—and to suspect that something or other unfortunate had happened to her son. Her fears hurried her into a disregard of her son's menaces; and at length she wrote up privately to Mr. Twister, to know what was the state of affairs, and what kept Mr. Beauchamp so harassingly employed. The poor old lady received for answer—that the attorney knew of nothing that need have detained Mr. Beauchamp in town beyond a week, and that he had not been to Mr. Twister's office for several months!

Pritchard, Mr. Beauchamp's agent, was a quiet and faithful fellow, and managed all his master's concerns with the utmost punctuality and secrecy. He had been elevated from the rank of a common servant in the family, to his present office, which he had filled for thirty years with unspotted credit. He had been a great favorite with old Mr. Beauchamp, who committed him to the kindness of Mrs. Beauchamp, and requested her to continue him in his office till his son arrived at his majority. The good old man was therefore thoroughly identified with the family interests; and it was natural that he should feel both disquietude and alarm at the demands for money, unprecedented in respect of amount and frequency, made by Mr. Beauchamp during his stay in town. He was kept in profound darkness as to the destination of the money: and confounded at having to forward up to London the title deeds and papers relating to most of the property. "What *can* my young squire be driving at?" said Pritchard to himself: and as he could devise no satisfactory answer, he began to fume and fret, and to indulge in melancholy speculations. He surmised that "all was not going on right at London:" for he was too much a man of business to be cajoled by the flimsy reasons assigned by Mr. Beauchamp for requiring the estate papers. He began to suspect that his young master was "taking to bad courses;" but being enjoined silence at his peril, he held his tongue, and shrugging his shoulders, hoped the best. He longed every day to make or find an opportunity for communicating with his old mistress: yet how could he break his master's confidence, and risk the threatened penalty! He received, however, a letter one morning, which decided him. The fearful contents were as follow:—

Dear and faithful old Pritchard: There are now only two ways in which you can show your regard for me—profound secrecy, and immediate attention to my directions. I have been engaged for some time in delusive speculations in London, and have been *dreadfully* unfortunate. I must have fifteen, or at the very lowest, *ten* thousand pounds by this day

week, or be ruined; and I purpose raising that sum by a mortgage on my property in —shire. I can see no other possible way of meeting my engagements, without compromising the character of our family—the honor of my name. Let me, therefore, have all the needful papers in time, in two days' time at the latest. Dear old man! for the love of God, and the respect you bear my father's memory, keep this to yourself, or consequences may follow, which I tremble to think of! I am, &c.

HENRY BEAUCHAMP.

— Hotel, 4 o'clock, A. M.

This letter was written with evident hurry and trepidation; but not with more than its perusal occasioned the affrighted steward. He dropped it from his hands, elevated them and his eyes towards heaven, and turned deadly pale. He trembled from head to foot; and the only words he uttered were in a low moaning tone. "Oh, my poor old master! Wouldn't it raise your bones out of the grave? Could he any longer delay telling his mistress of the dreadful pass things were come to?"

After an hour or two spent in terror and tears, he resolved, come what might, to set off for the Hall, seek an interview with Mrs. Beauchamp, and disclose everything. He had scarce got half way, when he was met by one of the Hall servants, who stopped him, saying, "Oh, Mr. Steward, I was coming down for you. Mistress is in a *way* this morning, and wants to see you directly."

The old man barely heard him out, and hurried on as fast as possible to the Hall, which was pervaded with an air of excitement and suspense. He was instantly conducted into Mrs. Beauchamp's private room. The good old lady sat in her easy chair, her pallid features full of grief, and her grey locks straying in disorder from under the border of her cap. Every limb was in a tremor. On one side of her sat Ellen, in the same agitated condition as her aunt; and on the other stood a table, with brandy, hartshorn, &c. &c. and an open letter.

"Be seated, Pritchard," said the old lady, faintly. The steward placed his chair beside the table. "Why, what is the matter with *you*, Pritchard?" inquired Miss Beauchamp, startled by the agitation and fright manifested in the steward's countenance. He drew his hand across his forehead, and stammered that he was grieved to see them in such trouble, when he was interrupted by Mrs. Beauchamp putting the open letter into his hand, and telling him to read it. The steward could scarce adjust his glasses, for he trembled like an aspen leaf. He read—

Madam,—My client, Lady Hester Gripe, having consented to advance a *further* sum of £22,000, to Mr. Henry Beauchamp, your son, on mortgage of his estates in —shire, I beg to know whether you have any annuity or rent-charge issuing therefrom, and if so, to what amount. I beg you will consider this enquiry strictly confidential, as between Lady Hester and Mr. Beauchamp, or the negotiations will be broken off; for her ladyship's extreme caution has induced her to break through my promise to Mr. Beauchamp, of not allowing you, or any one else, to know of the transaction. As, however, Mr. Beau-

champ said that even if you *did* know, it was not of much consequence, I presume I have not gone very far wrong in yielding to her ladyship's importunities. May I beg the favor of a reply, per return of post? I have the honor, &c. &c.

Furnival's Inn, London.

Before the staggered steward had got through half this letter, he was obliged to lay it down for a moment or two, to recover from his trepidation.

"A further sum!" he muttered. He wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead, and dashed out the tears from his half-blinded eyes, and resumed his perusal of the letter, which shook in his hands. No one spoke a syllable; and when he had finished reading, he laid down the letter in silence. Mrs. Beauchamp sat leaning back in her chair, with her eyes closed. She murmured something which the straining ear of the steward could not catch.

"What was my lady saying, miss?" he enquired. Miss Beauchamp shook her head, without speaking, or removing her handkerchief from her face.

"Well God's holy will be done!" exclaimed Mrs. Beauchamp, feebly, tasting a little brandy and water; "but I'm afraid my poor Henry—and all of us—are ruined!"

"God grant not, my lady! Oh, don't—don't say so, my lady!" sobbed the steward, dropping involuntarily upon his knees, and elevating his clasped hands upwards. "'Tis true, my lady," he continued, "Master Henry—for I can't help calling him so—has been a little wild in London—but *all* is not yet gone—oh, no, ma'am no!"

"You must, of course, have known all along of his doings—you *must*, Pritchard!" said Mrs. Beauchamp, in a low tone.

"Why, yes, my lady, I have—but I've gone down on my knees every blessed night, and prayed that I might find a way of letting you know!"

"*Why* could you not have told me?" enquired Mrs. Beauchamp, looking keenly at the steward.

"Because, my lady, I was his steward, and bound to keep his confidence. He would have discharged me the moment I had opened my lips."

Mrs. Beauchamp made no reply. She saw the worthy man's dilemma, and doubted not his integrity, though she had entertained momentarily a suspicion of his guilty acquiescence.

"Have you ever heard, Pritchard, how the money has gone in London?"

"Never a breath, my lady, that I could rely on."

"What have you *heard*?—That he frequents gaming-houses?" enquired Mrs. Beauchamp, her features whitening as she went on. The steward shook his head. There was another mournful pause.

"Now, Pritchard," said Mrs. Beauchamp, with an effort to muster up all her calmness—"tell me, as in the sight of God, how much money has my son made away with since he left?"

The steward paused and hesitated.

"I must not be trifled with, Pritchard," continued Mrs. Beauchamp, solemnly, and

with increasing agitation. The steward seemed calculating a moment.

"Why, my lady, if I must be plain, I'm afraid that twenty thousand pounds would not cover!"

"TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS!" screamed Miss Beauchamp, springing out of her chair wildly; but her attention was in an instant absorbed by her aunt, who on hearing the sum named by the steward, after moving her fingers for a moment or two, as if she were trying to speak, suddenly fell back in her seat and swooned.

To describe the scenes of consternation and despair which ensued, would be impossible. Mrs. Beauchamp's feelings were several times urging her on the very borders of madness; and Miss Beauchamp looked the image of speechless, breathless horror. At length, however, Mrs. Beauchamp succeeded in overcoming her feelings—for she was a woman of unusual strength of mind—and instantly addressed herself to meet the naked horrors of the case, and see if it were possible to discover or apply a remedy. After a day's anxious thought, and the *show* of a consultation with her distracted niece, she decided on the line of operations she intended to pursue.

(To be continued.)

SONG—WAVE THE THISTLE.

BY JOHN GRAHAM.

Air—*The Bonny Breast Knots.*

Wave the thistle, blow the thistle,
Chant the sweetest note, man;
May freedom's wreath on valor's brow,
Ay bloom on bonny Scotland.

Her towering hills, though bleak and bare,—
Her sons are brave, her lasses fair—
And love and freedom smiling there,
Proclaim her bonny Scotland.

Wave &c.

And O! how fair her heather braes,
How soft and sweet her warblers' lays,
How bright her silver burnie plays
Through flowery vales in Scotland.

Her bonnet crowns the hero's head—
Her cloak her bonny tartan plaid—
Her sword is proud oppression's dread;
Her name is bonny Scotland.

Frae Greece an' Rome when freedom sped,
And ken'd na where to shield her head,
She flew where Bruce and Wallace led,
And found a hame in Scotland.

Where'er a tyrant would command,
May freedom find in every land
Sic chiefs to lead her guardian band,
As ay she found in Scotland.

Home of love and friendship true,
Land the foe could ne'er subdue,
Still may laurels deck thy brow,
And freedom smile on Scotland.

JEWELS IN THE EAR.—We are apt to laugh at savages for wearing jewels in their noses. But we every day see females in civilized society, with knobs, rings, drops, pendants, and other ornaments in their ears. Now which can boast the greater refinement of taste, the savage or the fashionable lady?

THE BEE.

Bees gather honey from neglected flowers.

TO A TOPER IN LOVE.

'Tween woman and wine, sir,
Man's lot is to smart;
For wine makes his head ache,
And woman his heart!

If you marry a woman for money, you may expect to have this unworthy motive cast into your teeth on the very first family skirmish. "I could never consent (said a spirited youth,) to be maintained at the expense of my wife, as I should hate to be reproached for not having brought anything into the house but my clothes."

Dr. JOHN THOMS, Bishop of Lincoln, was married four times. The motto, or posy, on the wedding ring, at his fourth marriage was—

"If I survive
I'll make them five."

KNAVE formerly signified valet or servant as appears from Wickliffe's New Testament, kept in Westminster Library, and where we read—
"*Paul the knave of Jesus Christ.*" Hence the introduction of the knave in the pack of cards.

At White Hall Mill, in Derbyshire, a sheet of paper was manufactured last year, which measured 13,800 feet in length, four feet in width, and would cover an acre and a half of ground.

From what town in England does all the butter come in the London market?—Cowses.

Which is the closest town in Ireland and the best when drawn?—Cork.

OMAI, the South Sea Islander, was once at a dinner in London, where stewed morello cherries were offered to him. He instantly jumped up and quitted the room. Several followed him; but he told them he was no more accustomed to partake of human blood than they were. He continued rather sulky for some time, and it was only by the rest of the company partaking of them, that he would be convinced of his error, and induced to return to the table.

Among the ancient Saxons at Madgeburgh, the greatest beauties were at stated times deposited in charge of the magistrates, with a sum of money as the portion of each, to be publicly fought for; and fell to the lot of those who were famous at tilting.

WORSE AND WORSE.—Doctor Perne happening to call a clergyman a fool, who was not totally undeserving of the title, but who resented the indignity so highly, that he threatened to complain to his diocesan, the Bishop of Ely. "Do so," says the Doctor, "and he will confirm you."

It is said, that among the numerous cases of stuttering, rarely, or no instance, has been known of a female who has been afflicted with the unfortunate malady. Their happy volubility of tongue, and universal strong inclination to loquacity, break down all impediments.

Why is a waterman pulling against tide from Whitehall stairs to the Tower like Joan of Arc? Because he's a *he-rowing*.

Why is a riddle like a fir-tree?—Because you may get a good deal bored from it.

BENEFIT OF THE SPRINGS.—A lady brought a child to a physician in Utica, to consult him about its precious health. Among other things she inquired if he did not think the springs would be useful?

"Certainly, madam," replied the doctor, as he eyed the child, and took a large pinch of snuff. "I haven't the least hesitation in recommending the springs—and the sooner you apply the remedy, the better."

"You really think it would be good for the dear little thing, don't you?"

"Upon my word it's the best remedy I know of."

"What springs would you recommend, doctor?"

"Any will do, madam, where you can get plenty of *soap and water*."

A rush was lately made in the Scotch Presbyterian Church, New York, from the stove pipe giving way, and being mistaken for a timber. A person who sat near the side door, had his hand on the latch in three seconds, but before he could open it, he was thrust against the door, which opened inwards, like the Richmond theatre, and had the building been falling few would have escaped. Of 150 churches in New York, it is doubted if there are six whose doors open outwards. How slow are men to profit by experience.

It had been said of Mademoiselle Anaia, a Parisian actress, that she owed nothing to her tradespeople. "You are mistaken," said some one, "she owes her shoemaker more than an inch of her height."

SLEEP OF THE SHIP-BOY.—*Liverpool, Aug. 27.*—Saturday night, 12 o'clock. A remarkable occurrence on board this moment, induces me to take up my pen at this hour. The calm of this morning was followed in the afternoon of the day by a fine breeze, increasing to this time, which, together with the tide, has ushered us into St. George's channel in fine style. A sprightly sailor boy about fifteen years old, who has shown all the agility of a monkey in climbing the masts and running the spars during the voyage, was sent up on the fore-top-sail yard an hour or two ago to sit and watch for the — light on the coast of England, about half way between St. David's and Holyhead. I happened on deck just now and the call was made to the boy, "Jack, do you see the light?" Jack made no answer. The call was repeated a second and third time, but Jack was still silent. "He's asleep! he's asleep!" was the simultaneous and thrilling exclamation among the crew. "Up! and save him, if he is not already overboard!" was the order; for the ship rolled enough to toss him into the sea. And the next moment his shipmates found him at his post, on the top-sail yard, but snoring aloud in his sleep, as an accompaniment of the winds. "Sleep! gentle sleep!" said a king, or a king is said to have said,—

"Sleep! gentle sleep;
Wilt thou upon a high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge—
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian-billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them

With deafening clamors in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep; give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest, and the stillest night
With all appliances and means to boot
Deny it to a king."

PROVERBS.

Mr. Editor—I send you a few explanations of some of our old English proverbs. M. A. S.

I talk of chalk and you of cheese—All the impertinence in conversation, commerce or business, is reprehended in this saying, whereby the company do not make harmony in their discourse, nor keep to the point in question.

Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better—This proverb is a taunt upon braggadocios who talk big, boast, and rattle; it is also a memento for such as make plentiful promises to do well for the future, but are suspected to want constancy and resolution to make them good.

Cut your coat according to your cloth—This proverb contains good advice to people of several ranks and degrees, to balance accounts between their expenses and their income, or as a wag once expressed it, "between their *income* and their *out-go*," and not to let their vanity lead them, as we say, to *outrun the constable*.

A lark is better than a kite—This proverb intimates, that things are not to be valued by their bulk, but according to their intrinsic worth and utility; that a little which is good is better than a great deal of that which is good for nothing.

During the time that all persons returned thanks in the churches of Paris, for the re-establishment of the health of the king of France, M. de Bensard, in an address recited at the Academy, said: "The merchant quits his business to throw himself at the foot of the altar; the artisan quits his work; the physician quits his patient, and the patient is so much the better for it."

A French officer was speaking of his first impressions on seeing English soldiers, and ridiculed them, saying, they had faces as round as Cheshire cheeses. An English officer replied: "Monsieur, you are very polite, and allow me to say, that had your soldiers showed us a little more of their faces, and less of their backs, I should be very glad to return your compliment."

A gentleman at Brighton once asking a fisherman if the Prince of Wales ever went to church, was answered—"Lord bless your honour, what should he go to church for? we poor souls are obliged to pray for ourselves, but there are parsons enough paid to pray for him."

Dr. Balguy, a divine of great celebrity, having preached an excellent discourse at Winchester cathedral, the text of which was, "All wisdom is sorrow," received the following elegant compliment from Dr. Warton, then at Winchester school—"If what you advance, dear Doctor, be true, That wisdom is sorrow,—how wretched are you!"

An English voter being asked at one of the late elections if he gave his vote from pure motives, answered: "Oh, zartain, vor I got as pure a vive pound vor it, as ever I had in my life!"

An impudent fellow asked a gunsmith whether a curious pistol, which he was examining through a window, would go off. "Certainly," was the reply, "if it were within your reach."

Pea Green Hayne sent to the husband of his old theatrical flame for the jewels he had presented her in the days of "love's young dream," and the following *jeu d'esprit* appears in the last Court Journal.

To the earl of H—rg—n, from P. G. Hayne, Esq.

When you gaze on her forehead so fair,
O'ershaded with beautiful curls,
You are welcome, my lord, to the hair—
But send me, pray send me, the pearls!
In the green sunny days of my youth
I lent them her tresses to braid,
When I paid her my vows—and, in truth,
My vows were the least that I paid!
When her hand in affection you press,
As it glides o'er the harpsichord's strings,
The fingers are yours, I confess,
But I lay a claim to the rings.
Your lordship's behavior is cruel,
For my right to the baubles is plain;—
Is a countess to flaunt with a jewel
Intended for dear Mrs. Hayne?
If my reasoning appear to be tame,
To the harsh accusation I'm mute:
His argument's sure to be lame,
Who is basely deprived of his Foote!

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

Old shoes—mosquitos—worn out cloaks—

Cut fingers and dead cats,
Figure in verse, beside soft rhymes
On hose and ragged hats.
And if o'er such prosaic themes
His pen the poet shakes,
Frenzy may surely strike the quill
That praises Buckwheat Cakes!

The dreamy memory of the plate
I feasted on last night,
Plays with my fancy, now, and warms
My bosom with delight:
I muse upon it, and my mouth
Yet waters with the thought,
Knowing that I to-night can buy
Others where that was bought.

You'd know a Yankee by the way
He sits before this dish,
His plate well heaped, he seems to have
On earth no other wish:—
Softly before his eager nose
The pleasant fumes are fanned,
While he pours the luscious treacle on,
With an unsparing hand.

Not turtle soup, nor rich champagne,
With him can have such power;
An alderman might envy him
The luxury of the hour!
No thought of indigestion comes,
No head-ache gives him fears,
As silently he ponders o'er
Each cake that disappears.

He pays his sixpence and retires,
On bee-kissed fields to dream,
And fire-side thoughts of home once more
Across his memory gleam.
'Tis pleasant—and 'tis cheap enough—
The thought it conjures up;
Better than sparkling wine that fills
The Corporation cup.

He never lived in Yankee land
Who loves not pumpkin pie,
Neither did he who does not drink
The mug of cider dry:—
New England never pleasant dreams
In that youth's mind awakes,
Whose bosom warmeth not with mine
In praise of Buckwheat Cakes!

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 24.

SCHEMES, SCHEMERS, SCHEMING.—What a wonderful race of beings we belong to! Scarcely one of us goes to bed at night, or gets up without some new scheme in his head! He is either to better his own condition or that of his wife—to get rich by some new operation in the stocks—to benefit the poor—to raise money for a pressing occasion—or he has some other grand scheme for the coming day, week, or month. How very different it would be if we all were contented with our state and condition—if we had no ambition to live better next year than we do this—if in short, all our schemes centered in *one*. This, however, cannot be; the constitution of man declares him a restless animal, and till he can create a revolution and overthrow “the constitution,” the individual members of the compact may think themselves very well off if they do not draw down a mountain on their shoulders, by their incessant desire for some new scheme.

Except in the case of lotteries, we good people of Philadelphia substitute the word *plan* for *scheme*. It sounds better, and is indeed much more palatable in a general way. To say “*scheme* of general education,” would not do half as well as “*plan*!”—when some great enterprise, involving a large expenditure, which is all to come out of the pocket of the public is broached, as for instance a new theatrical campaign, it is not proper to call it a *scheme* for easing the respectful public of its cash—on the contrary, you must say, “The public is respectfully informed that the winter session of this theatre will be conducted on the following eligible *PLAN*.”

It has not been many years since every man, woman, and child, possessed of half an eye, either went to Camden, or to the top of a house, to witness the *scheme* of a fellow who had learned to fly—that is, he had *not* learned, but if the public would look, and pay well, he would convince them whether he could or could *not* fly! The scheme took—the ferry boats made little estates by dint of deferring the flight from day to day; but the scheme was announced as “a *plan* for navigating the air!” The same thing has been tried on every generation, and our children will no doubt be *schemed* into believing that steam engines will fly, by being told that “the recent improvements in the volatile oil gas engine leaves *no doubt* in the mind of certain scientific men, that a *plan* can be devised for navigating the air.” This, as in times past, will be merely a scheme to rob pockets.

Who that is old enough, does not remember Redheffer's scheme of perpetual motion? It was a most delicate, and for a time, successful machine, which divided the opinion of the knowing ones, schemed the inventor into dis-

grace, and left the world as wise as it was before, with the unlimited privilege of *planning* other equally absurd schemes. A philanthropist, we forget who, to keep scheming in perpetual motion, next invited the town to form a “steam washing company,” to cleanse shirts and bed clothes! There was to be a grand boiler to heat water enough for all the washerwomen in town, who were to repair to the spot with their materials every day, without half the expense which they must incur by each having a separate fire! This seemed plausible enough—the scheme had like to have taken, but by some accident it was discovered before it was cut and dry, that it would take a large field to dry the clothes, and that they would be too heavy to carry home wet! This *scheme* failed, and people go on the old *plan*; the schemer's great boiler was hissed before it got red hot, and the philanthropists generally, get their tempers and their shirts ruffled without a steamer—cold water was thrown on the project—the safety valve of people's pockets for once collapsed in time, and the poor washerwomen have the privilege of washing “at less than scheme price.”

Absurd as the above scheme may appear, we have subscribed since, to several *plans* which were quite as ridiculous. The condition of society was to be meliorated by this project—this plan was to do away with that scheme—castles have been built in the air which have crumbled at the first blast of common sense, and this propensity of the human mind to endeavor after perpetual improvements, though it often produces schemes, scheming, and schemers that one cannot help laughing at—no offence, ye gentlemen of schemes—is not to be entirely discouraged. All we ask is, that before a *plan* is palmed upon the public, it be demonstrable that it is not a *scheme*.

What have we got in Philadelphia by this restless propensity of man? We have a most valuable asylum for the deaf and dumb—a house of refuge at which the most scrupulous cannot declaim—a prison discipline society which has done more to reform those hotbeds of vice than any other in the world—we have hospitals, where those who groan tears of agony are treated by skillful hands—we have public libraries, where the student for a few dollars can command the whole of the valuable thoughts of the wise—but enough—we are all *schemers*—men—women—children, and all of the race.

Oak wood, green from the forest, is now selling at \$9 a cord. We exhort our country friends to bring in all their spare wood immediately—they will be certain of a quick sale.

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